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collected

Wool

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P O E M

ON A

R

VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY,

UNDERTAKEN BY A

BROTHER of the AUTHOR's,

WITH ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

SONNETS, &c.

L O N D O N.

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~~SECRET~~

S U B J E C T.

V E R S E S O N A V O Y A G E O F D I S C O V E R Y.

A R G U M E N T.

DOMESTIC Love should yield to Patriotism—Patriotism to Philanthropy—Illustrations drawn from the examples of Cooke and other Navigators—Destruction of the natives of the West-Indies attributed to the abuse of Commerce, as also the present Slave Trade in those Islands—The introduction of European Commodities results from the good effects of Commerce—Its future use may consist in the abolition of human feasts and sacrifices—Description of the present Voyage attempted—What advantages Botany, Natural History, and Astronomy derive from such undertakings—Conclusion.

20 AU 66

V E R S E S

ON A

VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

YE southern, stormy, and deserted seas,
Where scarce a vessel tries th' uncertain breeze,
Far from his home my wand'ring Brother braves
Your hidden rocks, and unfrequented waves ;
And dares, unmov'd, your lonely depths explore
Where never human voice was heard before.
When hush'd to silence sink the soft'ned gales,
And scarce a zephyr swells the idle fails ;
When with faint glow the cloudless moonlight sleeps
On the smooth surface of the radiant deeps,

B

Along

Along the deck, in pensive mood reclin'd,
 He oft may listen to the gentle wind;
 And as its murmurs o'er his senses steal,
 More keen from much-lov'd friends his absence feel,
 While tow'ring cliffs, that break the Ocean's roar,
 Seem to display his long-lost native shore.

Mean is th' ungenerous mind that could despise
 This tribute due to Nature's sacred ties,
 Those social charities, whose guidance mild
 Smooths man's rough passage thro' life's thorny wild.
 But when his country call'd, what fond control
 Of Friendship's pow'r e'er sway'd a patriot's soul?
 Elate to suffer for the common weal,
 With welcome look he met th' impending steel,
 And scarcely felt affection's private laws,
 When doom'd to benefit the public cause.
 If that inspiring call can hush to peace
 Domestic love, and make its influence cease,
 Far more enlarg'd his greater praise ascends,
 Whose liberal heart to all mankind extends:
 Such,

Such, Howard, thine, who strove where wretches lie
 Unwept, unaided, left alone to die,
 In foreign lands to check the rage of death,
 And animate again the falt'ring breath.
 Such thine, O Cooke, whose comprehensive mind
 Enlarg'd the bounds of Commerce to mankind;
 Who, nobly zealous for the general good,
 Mid rocks of gathering ice undaunted stood;
 Firm to diffuse, wherever Oceans roll
 The social intercourse from pole to pole:
 O may thy thirst of fame, with like desire
 To seek renown, a brother's soul inspire;
 Teach him, like thee, to prove our Nature's boast,
 With unknown fruits to bless some barren coast;
 To civilize with arts the savage breast,
 Mild thoughts instill, and sooth its rage to rest.
 When distant skies, and heaving billows bound
 The sea's wide solitude that reigns around,
 Nor noise is heard, save when the flowing tide
 In plaintive murmurs beats the vessel's side,
 At that still hour, in nervous strains exprest,
 Immortal deeds may fire his glowing breast;

Or,

Or, mildly beaming in th' historic page,
 Warm him with Emulation's noble rage,
 While on his fight, by musing fancy bred,
 Shall burst the spirits of the mighty dead;
 Then shall Columbus rise, who first unfurl'd
 The Spanish standard on the Western world:
 Bold be his manly look, his voice serene,
 Soothing the terrors of that trying scene,
 When death appear'd on each impending wave,
 Whose breaking foam disclos'd a watery grave;
 When neither weeds, by favouring eddies tost,
 Arose as signals of some neighb'ring coast,
 Nor clamorous sea-gulls hardy pinions brav'd
 The storms that o'er the wide Atlantic rav'd;
 When lawless Discord thro' his fleet prevail'd,
 Soon as their hopes of promis'd treasures fail'd,
 Soon as they shudd'ring saw with pale surprize
 The needle varying from the Northern skies,
 And thought that Nature chang'd her wonted laws
 To blast his schemes, and crush th' unrighteous cause.
 And Camoen's strains shall raise the hideous shape,
 That stands the barrier of the stormy Cape,

His

His eyes with rage inflam'd like comets glare,
 His baleful curses rend the troubled air,
 While fearless Gama thro' a boisterous main
 Disturbs the silence of his lonesome reign.
 Thro' raging straits, whose waves indignant tore
 Mountains of ice from Fuëgo's chilling shore,
 Where ceaseless tempests dim the light of day,
 Magellan too shall shew his vent'rous way ;
 In vain the viewless winds repeated blast
 Howl'd thro' the shrouds, and shook the rocking mast,
 Onward he sail'd, till his enraptur'd glance
 First caught the Southern Ocean's blue expanse,
 Until he cross'd, by Wisdom's lore foretold,
 The Globe self-balanc'd on its orbit roll'd.
 Can then a thought of past domestic joy,
 In vain regret, his lonely hours employ,
 While such as these, who, born in elder times,
 Felt winds unknown, and fac'd inclement climes ;
 Whose dauntless minds, by thirst of glory fir'd,
 Nor rocks dismay'd, nor boundless ocean's tir'd ;
 While such appear, and their examples guide
 His daring voyage o'er a deep untry'd ?

Illustrious souls, in Albion's island born;
 Or where rich vineyards Tagus' banks adorn;
 Whate'er your country, we of later days
 Can hail your merits with impartial praise.
 Oft as by Isis' willow'd marge I stray,
 And idly pensive waste th' inactive day,
 I think of scenes that struck your raptur'd gaze,
 Which Nature's rude magnificence displays;
 Of forests vast, where never woodman's stroke
 With crafhing boughs their solemn silence broke;
 Of mountains huge, whose snowy summits rise
 Above the storms, and seem to prop the skies;
 And sea-like Plata, that unnotic'd pours
 Its world of waters mid deserted shores.
 Too glorious Chiefs, had never thirst of gold
 The generous feelings of your hearts control'd
 At that sad thought, to my astonish'd eyes
 No more Creation's varied wonders rise;
 But pale and weak the helpless native pines
 With toil incessant mid unwholsome mines;
 And starting, seems to hear in ev'ry sound
 Of bursting vapours thro' the dark profound

The

The Spanish thunder echoing on his ear,
 And sees their light'nings flash, and mailed steeds appear.
 No more the simple crouds, rejoic'd, behold
 Their treacherous friends the flutt'ring sails unfold;
 No more the stately pile advent'rous climb
 That shades the deep, and rears its front sublime;
 But shrieking, view on th' ensanguin'd plain
 By unknown arms their dear companions slain.
 Still here, O Avarice, thy rage succeeds,
 And steels th' obdurate heart in ruthless deeds;
 If trembling at thy lash in former years,
 Exhausted, spiritless, bedew'd with tears,
 The fighting Indian pierc'd the rifted mold
 To fate thy lust, and find the un-sunn'd gold,
 Still other victims live to feel thy pow'r,
 Thine iron scourge to mourn, and tort'ring hour;
 And oft their grateful songs to Heav'n ascend
 Around the corpse of a departed friend;
 Oft hail his passage to their native shore,
 Where Slavery's galling chain torments no more.
 To grace their lands with Europe's useful arts,
 Correct their errors, and improve their hearts,

With

With sense to animate their savage mold,
 To make them think, and be what they behold ;
 For this was Commerce meant to bless mankind,
 Free as all Nature's bounties, unconfin'd
 As their great Author's love, whose equal care
 Afric's rude sons, and wiser Britons share ;
 Like yon great source of day, whose glitt'ring beams,
 Enlight'ning Thames as well as Niger's streams,
 Are glorious emblems of that heavenly soul,
 Which guides, protects, and cherishes the whole ;
 Whose genial blessings on all creatures shine,
 Who shiver at the Poles, or pant beneath the Line.
 What mighty nation feels a generous pride
 To pour the streams of social Commerce wide ?
 To what most favor'd land the province giv'n
 Of copying best this general love of heav'n ?
 Fir'd at the thought, Britannia's vent'rous sails
 My beating heart with filial transport hails,
 That now expanded to th' Antarctic breeze
 Oft struck with awe th' astonish'd savage fees.
 And great, my friend, is your behest assign'd
 To humanize the rude unletter'd mind ;

And

And great th' exalted pleasure, to survey
 Its dawn of reason struggling into day;
 While coasts, embosom'd in the deep, appear
 Your fainting strength and longing eyes to cheer;
 With like concern I seem to feel imprest
 An equal pleasure fill my anxious breast;
 I see at large th' untutor'd savage roam,
 Rough shaggy emblem of a wilder home,
 While man, rude wandering in this world below,
 In pitying cadence bids my numbers flow.

Ye feather'd Chiefs, your plains uncultur'd lie,
 No harvest ripens in your genial sky,
 No planted vine with blushing fruitage smiles,
 No arts of Peace employ your peopled isles;
 No cattle's low the echoing meadow fills,
 No thirsty lambs frequent your cooling rills,
 No scenting dog the tainted air inhales,
 Or fleeting courfers scour your distant vales;
 But social Commerce magic scenes can raise,
 To wake your grateful songs in Britain's praise;

D

She

She decks with waving gold the mountain's side,
 She cloathes the plain with Flora's blooming pride,
 She bids the waste a softer form assume,
 Inures the wondering Savage to the loom,
 And, far from home, th' unconscious cattle leads
 To unpolluted streams and fresher meads :
 Then, free from terror, court the liberal hand
 That scatters blessings o'er your alter'd land ;
 No Cortez comes to mar your simple mirth,
 Or waste with fire and sword th' afflicted earth,
 No widow's sorrow, no maternal tears
 Shall bathe your children on untimely biers ;
 Then fearless croud some wave-worn rocky steep,
 To see our vessels stem the subject deep.
 But while my thoughts with conscious rapture glow
 To sing the good that Commerce can bestow,
 Scar'd by its ills, and mov'd by other's pain,
 Compassion oft will check th' exulting strain,
 While dire disease, and undeserv'd distress,
 Bred from its rage, an harmless race oppress,
 And make them curse the fav'ring gale that bore
 Ungrateful strangers to their friendly shore ;

Yet

Yet if the gen'rous tear of pity flows
 For misery unprovok'd and causeless woes;
 If sad benevolence desponding pines
 To see imperfect oft her great designs;
 Say, should her heav'nly flame remain deprest,
 Inactive, cheerless, in the selfish breast;
 To one small spot of earth confine its light,
 While half the globe is sunk in mental night:
 Ah no! wherever savage clans debase
 Th' immortal spirit of the human race;
 To crush such ills she has not bid in vain
 Her chosen agents cross the southern main;
 No more shall yells of triumph rend the sky,
 When captives, gash'd by wounds ignoble, die;
 Nor man, more cruel than the fiercest beast,
 With fiend-like joy on fellow-creatures feast;
 When these her agents reach some barbarous land,
 Save the poor wretch, and stop th' uplifted hand,
 Make the proud victor mean revenge forego,
 And melt in mercy o'er a fallen foe.

Ye tombs on Easter's isle, and shapeless forms,
 That undecay'd have stood the winter's storms,
 That

That on the desert beach have brav'd the rage
 Of beating billows, and devouring age,
 Tho' now no victims sooth some Chieftain's shade,
 Whose bones are near your ponderous pillars laid;
 Yet here, perhaps, the priest unpitying stood,
 Staining your hallow'd shrines with human blood,
 While pious crouds around your bleak remains
 Led the slow dance, and mutter'd solemn strains.
 On this rude land, if no tradition cheers
 Th' enquiring mind with tales of former years,
 And these huge monuments of shapeless stone
 Time's baffled rage defy, their use unknown;
 Yet Fancy's glance can see th' inhuman isle
 With kindred blood the sacred spot defile,
 Ere from the earth's wide yawning caverns broke
 Internal flames, and black sulphureous smoke;
 Ere desolation to their rage allied,
 Reduc'd their peopled plains to deserts wide.
 And well may fancy form the festal show,
 And crowds exulting in the shriek of woe,
 Since from each isle, whose wood-encircled steeps
 And sunny plains adorn the southern deeps,

Oft now the sacrificial fires illumine
 The wat'ry waste, and gild the midnight gloom,
 While circling tribes imbibe th' expiring breath,
 Watch the last look, and catch the groan of death.
 As when in Tophet's vale the cymbal's ring,
 And dismal dances pleas'd the grisly king,*
 Stern, callous priests the infant's cries endur'd,
 In his grim idol's burning space immur'd.
 On Sarum's plain such rude-built columns rise
 Of unknown structure, and gigantic size;
 Here with like plaints the trembling wretch implor'd
 In vain for refuge from the sacred sword,
 While the bleak waste, and echoing temple rang
 With choral hymns, which white-rob'd Druids sang:
 Here now th' enlightened traveller loves to gaze,
 Struck with the thoughts of Albion's elder days,
 Which more endear'd his pensive mind beguile,
 What time the moon illumines th' enormous pile;
 O'er the vast stones her sober colouring throws,
 And veils the solemn scene in dread repose;

E

Oft

* Moloch, who was worshipped in the valley of Hinnom, or Tophet; see *Paradise Lost*, book 1, line 392 to 405, and the 23d stanza of the hymn on the morning of Christ's Nativity in Milton's smaller poems.

Oft in the whispering breeze he seems to hear
 Harmonious harps invite his list'ning ear,
 Whose full-ton'd sounds the vocal priests inspire
 To sing responsive to the quivering wire.
 But when with shrillness howls th' increasing blast,
 Mute is the sacred strain, the Pageant past,
 While on his ears the dying shrieks resound
 Of some poor captive to the altar bound ;
 Dissolv'd in air the wond'rous show decays,
 As truth resistless darts her piercing rays ;
 Bar'd by her light, the shapeless mass appears
 A source of horror and domestic tears ;
 No more from priests, whose beards, like driven snow,
 O'er their pure robes descend in waving flow
 Is heard the solemn chant, whose strains uncouth,
 With false devotion fill'd th' attentive youth ;
 But dark mysterious sounds inspire with dread,
 And kindred blood by sacred murderers shed.

Since causeless feuds, and unremitted strife,
 Seize as their proper prey the savage life ;
 Since from refinement social love began,
 And all the Charities of man to man,

May Albion's favor'd sons, to whom is giv'n
 A purer rule of Faith reveal'd from heav'n;
 May they remember that in days of yore,
 Their country's altars stream'd with human gore;
 Shock'd at the thought, may they o'er oceans sail,
 Stretch their full canvass to the partial gale,
 Their milder laws to distant realms impart,
 And teach compassion to th' unfeeling heart.
 No more encourag'd on our earth to dwell,
 Then dire Revenge shall seek her native hell;
 That fiend accurst, who fir'd in elder times
 The blue-ey'd swarms of Europe's northern climes,
 Whose spirit, hovering in the hour of Fate,
 Show'd to the dying Goth his future state;
 What great rewards would wait that warrior's ghost,
 Who mid the fight his life undaunted lost;
 Where shone with clashing faulchions Odin's hall
 When loud was heard the trumpet's martial call,
 And spectred Chiefs in boisterous riot quaff'd,
 From hostile skulls, th' intoxicating draught;
 Pleas'd at the thought, the Chieftain press'd the ground,
 Smil'd as he died, and blest the fatal wound.

Still

Still the same passion rules th' untutor'd mind,
 By social Order's polish unrefin'd,
 Where, mid the Southern Ocean, islands rise
 Bold on the view, and cheer the sailors eyes.
 And can a nation, great in arts and arms,
 Enrich'd by peace, and free from war's alarms,
 See unconcern'd such ills, while favoring gales
 Seem to invite her furl'd and idle sails?
 Shall bartering vessels, from Britannia's shore,
 Alone, thro' selfish views, these isles explore?
 No, Hope exulting cries, in future days,
 Her great designs shall claim a nobler praise;
 No more, when earthquakes rock the groaning ground,
 When light'nings flash, and awful thunders sound,
 When the rent mountain to its centre nods,
 Shall the pale natives hear their chiding Gods,
 Nor think their rage with human blood to sate,
 Or turn their vengeance from th' offending state;
 Nor fear, when heav'n with storms is overcast,
 A God of terrors in the coming blast.
 But when the clouds descend in copious showers,
 Moisten the ground, and nurse the rising flowers;

When

When Spring with verdure decks the smiling plain,
 Summer matures, and autumn teems with grain ;
 Then shall a God of Love confest appear,
 Full in the seasons of the circling year ;
 Then shall converted tribes adoring raise,
 For all his blessings, hymns of grateful praise ;
 Then shall they know, that one all-ruling mind
 Beams in the sun, and rages in the wind ;
 That shakes the earth for unknown useful ends,
 On barren plains, in fruitful rain, descends ;
 That all are parts of one creating cause,
 And varied instruments of Nature's laws :
 Their sacrificial horrors quell'd, no more
 Shall their rude temples blush with human gore ;
 But the still offerings of a blameless life,
 The social ties that shun, or soften strife,
 And prayers of Gratitude, as yet unknown,
 Shall with acceptance reach the heav'nly throne.

Friend of my youth ! where'er your sails expand
 To court the breeze, and seek some barbarous land,

F

I trust

I know th' emotion fills your pitying breast,
 T' enlighten those by mental gloom oppress'd,
 And make the savage, by mild laws controll'd,
 Loath his fell feasts, and horrid rites of old;
 And tho' expos'd to winds and waves, appears
 The fond companion of my earliest years,
 O may no selfish thoughts your loss deplore,
 Whom honour's call from ties domestic tore;
 No, rather distant from a polish'd home,
 With you I seem thro' lands uncouth to roam,
 While Fancy's magic wand around supplies
 New scenes of Nature for my ravish'd eyes.
 Here, crown'd with hills, whose bare and craggy sides
 The tow'ring palm in wild profusion hides,
 Her genial climate Otaheite boasts,
 And shelter'd harbours mid encircling coasts;
 Her fruitful rills, whose mazy current roves
 Thro' freshen'd meadows and o'ershadowing groves;
 And free from toil, and blest with days of ease,
 The gentlest race that views the southern seas.
 When the bright sun, enthron'd in neontide blaze,
 O'er fainting Nature darts his sultry rays,

Where

Where tangling fruit-trees form a cooling shade,
 I see a cheerful group at leisure laid,
 Who pluck the clusters that Bananas shoot,
 Or sing in concert to the mellow lute;
 Or some admiring friend repeats aloud
 Omiah's travels to th' attentive croud,
 Who speaks of Britain's wealth, her crouded ports,
 The hum of cities, and the blaze of courts;
 Her floating bulwarks size, whose thunders sound
 Far o'er the deep, and awe the lands around;
 Her gorgeous palaces, and spiry fanes,
 Rich cultur'd fruits, and harvest-rearing plains.
 But not these wonders lur'd that gentle guest
 To still the patriot passion in his breast;
 Dearer to him the hut, whose matted shed
 Shielded from nightly dews a sister's head,
 His helpless childhood's friend, than all the pride
 Of pomp unknown a foreign land supply'd.

Where endless snows on cloud-capt mountains lie,
 Rise white in air, and mark a colder sky,

Bold

Bold from the waves the Sandwich Islands stand
 In clusters circling that disastrous land,
 Where ne'er will Europe's generous sons forget
 To shed the tears of vain, tho' just, regret,
 While virtuous efforts claim the world's applause,
 Or merit suffering in the public cause :
 Here fell th' ill-fated chief, who strove to save
 The savage race that sunk him to the grave.
 Was it for this he scorn'd a life of ease,
 Twice brav'd the horrors of Antarctic seas ;
 Heard the dire crash of ice by tempests tost,
 And waves impatient of th' incumbent frost ;
 Where shiv'ring famine holds her joyless reign,
 And the dull blood scarce warms the frozen vein ?
 Was it for this applauding Europe view'd
 His daring course, thro' seas unknown, pursu'd ;
 And fondly hop'd, that when complete his toil,
 With eager gaze he ey'd his native soil ?
 That his great mind the passage had reveal'd,
 As yet by Nature's bounds from man conceal'd ;
 That wand'ring tribes, by his persuasion mov'd,
 A milder line of social life had prov'd ;

Had

Had dropt th' ensanguin'd arms which late they wore,
 Nor stain'd th' envenom'd lance with captives gore.
 All these fond hopes vere vain! no friendly tear
 Of sorrowing mourners grac'd his honor'd bier;
 By savage hands his corse was rudely torn,
 With savage yells his limbs in triumph borne;
 Yet shall his fame a great example give,
 Glow in his deeds, and in remembrance live;
 Then, ages hence, when Reason shall unfold
 The sense that lurks obscur'd in savage mold,
 Th' enlighten'd offspring of the present race,
 Sad, and asham'd, shall hear their fire's disgrace;
 Shall shun the fatal spot, or weeping tell
 Where their great friend and common patron fell.

Where, more expos'd to storms, the billows roll,
 Nor genial climes their boist'rous rage control,
 Where hardy fir's their gloomy shadows cast
 O'er the dark waves, and brave the northern blast,
 Mid shelter'd coves, and far retiring bays,
 The bartering sailor Nootka's land delays.

When

G

How

How long, O Europe! shall the ermin'd pride
 Of fur-clad spoils your polish'd realms divide?
 How long the right to some rude coasts afar
 Enkindle hate, and blow the trump of war?
 When shall the glorious prize of doing good
 Bid rival nations tempt the dangerous flood?
 When shall their sons contend, with god-like haste,
 To spread their arts, and till the barren waste;
 While pleas'd, and conscious of the good bestow'd,
 The native doubts from whom such blessings flow'd?

Where, dim and pale, the solar blaze expires,
 His beams unfelt, extinct his genial fires;
 Where oft quick glancing mid the gloom of night,
 The Boreal morning darts her waving light,
 Unblest by seasons of the varied year,
 Kamtschatka's sunless solitudes appear;
 Yet, like some fabled wizard's potent charm,
 One social mind could all their rage disarm:
 When heav'n inspir'd, the gen'rous Russian came
 To raise th' exhausted sailor's languid frame;

When

When Pity's lenient balm his pains beguil'd,
 And friendly comfort cheer'd the lonely wild.
 Ah! luckless wretch! who, forc'd by tyrant pow'r,
 Mid these lone wastes, drags on the ling'ring hour;
 For him no native roofs, by Volga's stream,
 Reflect the purple morning's orient beam;
 For him no children smile, no tender wife,
 With fond endearment, soothes the ills of life;
 With melancholy gaze he eyes the ground;
 Or, should he cast a sullen look around,
 One dreary waste of endless snow pervades
 Deserted plains, and veils the woodland shades.
 Torn from his country, and his dearer friends,
 In vain for him the golden sun ascends;
 In vain for him the twilight vapours sweep
 O'er the dim earth, and shed the dews of sleep.
 O, Freedom! when shall thy inspiring call
 Make tyrants start, and rouse the peopled ball?
 When shall desponding Virtue's sufferings rest,
 And fell Oppression hide her snaky crest?
 Thou, sacred spirit, in this world of woe,
 The greatest balm its wand'ring pilgrims know;

How

How long shall patient man thy absence mourn,
 Like these poor exiles brook the Despot's scorn;
 Nor dare to feel the powers that Nature gave,
 But meanly live and die a trembling slave!

Tho' now no more the hardy vessel goes
 Where the chill'd wave with sluggish motion flows;
 Where slumb'ring seas forget their floods to roll,
 And icy barriers hide the trackless pole;
 While on some snow-built mountain's parting steep
 That shakes with uproar wild the stagnant deep,
 Grim monsters howl, and from rough rocks rebound
 The jarring echoes of the hideous sound;
 Yet fruitful isles, with unknown produce stor'd,
 More to the south, may flourish unexplor'd;
 Where gems unvalued have for ages blaz'd,
 And fresh'ning show'rs new fruits ungather'd rais'd;
 Where pearls in ocean's caves unfathom'd shine,
 And metals glow within th' untrodden mine;
 Nor naked natives crowded to admire
 Our floating castles, and our strange attire;
 Still

Still the bold keel may cleave the unplough'd tide,
 To know if rivers Diemen's land divide,
 Where trees unseen by European eyes
 O'er the high banks in stately rows may rise,
 And 'stead of one wide earth's expanded waste
 An ocean flow, with num'rous islands grac'd.
 The chiefs of Spain, who wondering heard the roar
 Of southern billows shake Panama's shore,
 Full little thought, that rich and woody steeps
 Inlaid, like studded gems, these azure deeps:
 So, in like manner, undiscover'd climes
 May mock the ardent search of modern times;
 So, by degrees, when Britain's fleets explore
 Wide tracts of sea or land unknown before,
 By toils repeated shall the globe be known,
 And all Creation's range more fully shown.

Such are the blessings that from Commerce flow,
 Such is the good its noblest ends bestow;
 Such are the wanderings that my friend remove
 From the fond influence of domestic love.
 But not alone these labours are design'd
 To sooth the fierceness of the savage mind;

H

Since

Since Europe's banners o'er these seas have stream'd,
 The light of Science has more brightly beam'd,
 And far beyond the reach of mortal thought
 New force acquir'd, and truths sublimer taught :
 In vain the blossom of expanding flowers
 Imbib'd the moisture of prolific show'rs,
 No dexterous hand by chemic art reveal'd
 The fragrant physic in their folds conceal'd,
 And healing plants in some neglected vale
 Flung their lost odours to the heedless gale :
 But soon from herbs that in these climates grow ;
 Health's ruddy cheeks may feel a livelier glow,
 That active nymph, who loves, when morning dawns,
 To tread thyme-scented heaths, or dewy lawns,
 May view with joy Botanic stores increase,
 To aid the sick, and hush their sighs to peace.
 Soon in those isles, where sudden whirlwinds sweep
 Man's fruitless labours to th' o'erwhelming deep,
 Transplanted trees * shall own a kindred soil,
 Nor glebe's unfruitful mock the ploughman's toil ;

Then

* This alludes to the conveyance of the Bread-Fruit Tree from Otaheite to the West-Indies, which is at present undertaken by Capt. Bligh.

Then the tir'd slave shall some remission ask,
 Some short oblivion of his daily task;
 Shall pluck th' uncultur'd bread, that tempting stands
 Ripe on the bough, and courts the gatherer's hands;
 And while refresh'd, forget the lash of pain,
 Imperious threats, and dire Oppression's chain.
 Whatever plants in temperate climates bloom,
 Or feebly live amid the polar gloom,
 Whatever mines earth's rifted depths display
 Where glittering ores reflect the light of day,
 Whate'er inspir'd by life's creating breath
 Exists awhile, then feels the stroke of Death;
 That treads on Earth, or on its surface creeps,
 That soars on wings, or cleaves the finny deeps;
 Whatever good the spacious globe can give,
 Where men inhale the air, and creatures live
 Beneath the torrid or the frigid zone,
 Commerce may claim exulting as her own.

Ye sons of Europe, to whose gaze 'twas giv'n
 First to behold another starry heav'n,
 On you that knowledge dawn'd, whose radiance shin'd
 With noon-tide lustre in a Newton's mind;

No more ye deem'd the world's discover'd round
 A level plain, by skies inclosing bound,
 But saw it balanc'd on its orbit roll,
 Its erring course attractive laws control,
 View'd other planets mid the realms of space,
 In due progression keep their destin'd place,
 With central suns that gave their circling spheres
 The stated seasons of returning years :
 Then Navigation's daring track could show
 Where seas untried round isles unnotic'd flow ;
 Then Science shar'd her praise, and boldly broke
 Error's enfeebling spells, and deadening yoke
 Starting to life from Superstition's trance,
 O'er opening Nature shot her vigorous lance,
 And now enlarg'd, her secret laws explores,
 With eagle ken mid solar systems soars ;
 Sees stars unnam'd, that have for ages thrown
 Their fires neglected o'er a sky unknown ;
 And when the lingering moon's decaying wane
 With feeble ray scarce gilds the billowy main,
 Or more complete her cloudless beams emblaze
 With mellow light the heav'n's wide pathless ways,

And

Observes the motions of th' obedient tide
 Heave at her call, and at her nod subside,
 Or states undazzled the meridian height
 Of the great source of life, of heat, and light.

These are the glorious works that Science loves,
 That Commerce prompts, and Virtue's self approves;
 This is the inspiring prize that softens toil,
 And bids th' adventurer leave his native soil;
 That fires with hopes of fame the hero's breast,
 To smile at death, and spurn inglorious rest,
 With laureat wreaths, that shows his name inshrin'd
 Mid those who liv'd and died to serve mankind.
 Then go, my friend, proceed where Science guides;
 Go, state the solar height, and mark the tides;
 See stars unknown their glittering spheres unfold,
 That deck another heav'n with vivid gold;
 Illume the blind with Reason's opening ray,
 Pour on benighted minds a mental day;
 Explore with curious search the fragrant plain,
 Where plants of healing power have bloom'd in vain;
 Increase the stores of health, bid Death retire,
 And with new life the faltering breath inspire;

Exalt your soul, while nature's objects rise;
 More wildly great to your enraptur'd eyes;
 While in such works shall more stupendous shine,
 The vast creation of a hand Divine.
 And O! where'er your venturous bark is tost,
 Mid lurking rocks or some low faithless coast;
 Whether, where Tropic suns unceasing blaze,
 Or polar worlds ne'er feel their genial rays;
 Still may your thoughts with these great objects warm,
 Despise all dangers, dare th' impending storm;
 While hope-form'd visions show, in future days,
 The prize of honour, and your Country's praise;
 While ardent you pursue the noble plan
 Of aiding Science, and enlight'ning Man.

SONNET

SONNET

MAY no rude Villager, with careless tread,
 Remove the sod from Julia's simple grave;
 Still may Remembrance guard the sacred dead,
 And from Oblivion's gloom her virtues save,
 What tho' no lines, inscrib'd on sculptur'd stone,
 Her spotless innocence of Life reveal;
 What tho' her grave, neglected and unknown,
 No stately tomb adorns, but weeds conceal;
 Yet oft to musing Friendship shall arise
 Her artless manners and untutor'd smile,
 Her beauteous face, and mildly-beaming eyes,
 Whose magic glance could Sorrow's pang beguile;
 And may her courage, at Life's latest breath,
 Teach me to smile in pain, and brave the rage of Death.

SONNET

SONNET II.

OXFORD! with joy I leave thy Gothic tow'rs,
 Thy peaceful seats for Wisdom's lore renown'd,
 Where learned Converse cheats the tedious hours,
 Invite no more to tread thy classic ground;
 Far from your shades to foreign climes I rove,
 Where the rude Norman once in regal state
 His banner rear'd, ere English valour strove
 To check his iron rule's oppressive weight;
 There glows the sun with cloudless radiance bright,
 There blooming orchards grace the fertile fields:
 But not alone Creation's charms delight,
 Affection's power the truest rapture yields;
 For there I haste the greater bliss to prove
 That springs from friendship and paternal love.

SONNET

SONNET III.

Written in the Passage from Calais to Dover.

AS yon proud Castle's walls sublime appear,
 Where Albion's cliffs the subject deep command,
 Returning travellers shed the pleasing tear,
 Viewing with earnest gaze their native land.
 Some love to listen to the sighing winds,
 Or wave soft murmuring round the vessel's side,
 While the sweet hope inspires their gladden'd minds
 Of meeting friends by absence more allied;
 Far happier they than me, my eyes explore
 In vain, retiring from my eager view
 The last faint glimpse of Gallia's fading shore
 Mingled with clouds, or heav'n's bright azure hue;
 On her dim coasts a lingering look I cast,
 Musing on friends there left, and many a pleasure past.

SONNET IV.

On Catbarine Hill, near Winchester.

AH! much lov'd Hill, whose airy summit cheers
 The pensive wanderer, who delights to rove
 Mid thy encircling fofs, or piny grove,
 Struck with the scenes which charm'd his earlier years;
 At sight of thee my tears unbidden flow,
 For here I mus'd, in life's fair opening morn,
 On Julia's virtues, now for ever gone
 To the dark grave, nor knew domestic woe:
 With cautious step to tread thy varied maze,
 Or gayer sports to chuse as fancy leads,
 Yet still another youthful train succeeds,
 Heedless of griefs that wait their riper days:
 Ah! doom'd perhaps like me, by fortune crost,
 To mourn a parent's hopes, or friends too early lost.

SONNET

SONNET V.

On Clifden Spring.

YE beech-clad hills, and gloomy pines, that throw
 O'er silver Thames a melancholy shade,
 In this sweet spot for tranquil pleasures made,
 Why droops my heart, and feels the sense of woe!
 The sun's departing beams more beautiful show,
 Still your dark groves in varied tints array'd
 Of fading green, by autumn's hand pourtray'd,
 Still in soft notes yon murmuring waters flow,
 And undecay'd your rural prospects bloom;
 All these unalter'd charm, but frequent tears
 Will force their way, and Julia's early doom
 Rush on my thoughts, since she no more appears
 To grace your scenes, by the relentless tomb
 Snatch'd in the pride of youth and summer-years.

SONNET

SONNET

SONNET VI.

~~On Clifton Spring~~

SWEET babe, thy span of life was quickly past,

Too early check'd, like the half-opening flow'r
Nip'd in its prime by the rude northern blast,

Just born to bloom and perish in an hour,
No more thy little arms are fondly clung

Round thy pleas'd mother's neck, who seem'd to hear
The first faint meaning of thy lisping tongue,

Or lov'd to mark thy dawning smiles appear;
But thy pure soul soon took to heav'n its way,

That certain hope must make her sorrows cease;
Perhaps it 'scap'd the storms that lurking lay

To cloud with gloomy cares thy future peace;
Then, spirit go, where grief can ne'er invade,
Where time eternal flows, and pleasures never fade.

SONNET

SONNET VII.*

O Contemplation, friend to musings grave,
 No more your silent haunts my thoughts becalm,
 Dejected, rest of Hope's all lenient balm,
 In hollow murmurs while these branches wave,
 Signs of the louring storm, pleas'd I could roam
 From woods half leafless by the howling blast,
 And joy'd, when heav'n with clouds was overcast,
 To seek the shelter of a social home,
 Careless each rural object to resign,
 The landscape's tints, the curfew's evening knell,
 Or, heard far off, the sheep-fold's simple bell,
 When friendly converse, and its joys were mine;
 But now, if these fair scenes are dimm'd with show'rs,
 What other charm remains to cheer my lonely hours?

L

SONNET

* This and the four following Sonnets, with the Lines on the Death of a Friend, were written by the Author in a solitary retirement, and are intended to express his feelings in that situation.

SONNET VIII.

On Tasso.

IMMORTAL Bard, for tedious hours deceiv'd
 By the sweet solace of thy soothing lay,
 For rising cares by thy soft aid reliev'd,
 To thee this debt of grateful praise I pay :
 Oft when mine eyes, by solitude deprest,
 In sad dejection shed the lonely tear,
 Thy powerful influence lulls my thoughts to rest,
 At times I tremble with that awful fear,
 Which Tancred felt before the charmed grove
 When threat'ning fiends on fiery ramparts shone,
 With soft Erminia now I seem to rove,
 And musing on her woes forget my own ;
 Thy magic strains, like fair Armida's isle,
 With sweet oblivion grief itself beguile.

SONNET

SONNET IX.

AGAIN the sun exerts his powerful sway,
 And o'er the vale his golden radiance throws;
 Stern winter check'd laments the piercing ray
 That sooths his storms, and melts his threaten'd snows:
 While hill and dale their varied charms unite,
 Here half-hid cots the beechen woods adorn,
 There shade dissolving joins the mingling light,
 And all Creation hails this happy morn.
 Should I alone, tho' social comfort flies,
 In sadness droop amid the general joy,
 While Nature's volume here expanded lies?
 No, ye exhaustless themes, ye still employ
 The friendless wanderer's mind, deceive his care,
 And one creating Power diffus'd thro' all declare.

SONNET

SONNET X.

O Solitude, whose melancholy power
 O'er Nature's wildest scenes delighted reigns,
 Ev'n thy lov'd haunts may cheer some lonely hour,
 When yellow autumn crowns the waving plains;
 Then pensive pleasures on thy steps attend,
 With whom enraptur'd oft I love to view
 In glittering clouds, the fading sun descend,
 Mellowing the landscape's glow with softer hue:
 Tho' the free thoughts expand with greater ease
 In thy still haunts than in more peopled seats,
 Tho' thy lone glades can never fail to please,
 Or silent musings in thy calm retreats;
 Yet ah! o'er this, no friendly comfort near,
 They cause a deeper sigh, a more impassion'd tear.

SONNET XI.

YE woods, that now in rural pride appear,
 Soon o'er your fading tints shall autumn cast
 Her sick'ning colours, and the northern blast,
 With hollow murmurs, rule the varied year;
 Ah! yet, O iron-scepter'd winter, spare
 These tufted elms, whose summits brighter seem
 At blushing dawn, or evening's milder gleam,
 Nor with rude hand their leafy honours tear;
 Ah! yet delay a votary's sad farewell
 To Nature's simple charms; and summer's bloom,
 Whom nought can sooth in solitude's dull gloom
 Save the green hill, or flow'r embroider'd dell;
 Who dreads, when wintry storms shall dim the day,
 To see these beauteous scenes, his only friends, decay.

SONNET XII.

Written on Clare Castle, in Suffolk.

How oft I love, where some old tow'r uprears

Its shatter'd walls, and o'er a river throws

A darker shadow, and a dread repose

To raise the image of departed years ;

Such thine, O Clare, in careless ease reclin'd

Here as I muse, loud trumpets seem to call

Th' awaken'd troop to croud th' embattled wall,

And hostile banners flutter in the wind ;

Oft too the minstrel strikes his founding lyre

O'er whom some chief in fond attention hung,

To catch the honey'd accents of the tongue

That prais'd the deeds of his heroic fire :

Creative Fancy ! such thy magic pow'r,

To bless with visions past the present hour.

SONNET

Verses written at the Tomb of a Parent.

THO' Time's all-softening balm has hush'd to peace
 Affliction's pang, and bade my sorrows cease,
 Still, much-lov'd shade, may thy celestial soul
 The frail weak conduct of thy son control,
 By Virtue's path, which once in life you trod,
 By your example lead me to my God.

*Lines written on the Anniversary of a Day in which a
 Friend of the Author's died.*

IF in the mansions of the blest,
 One human care might entrance find
 To interrupt thy heav'nly rest
 For those in sorrow left behind,

O Spirit

O Spirit pure, forgive the tears
Which wakeful memory bids to flow,
Since now that fatal day appears,
Sacred to thee and constant woe:

Much would thy pity have reliev'd
The sudden woes thy friends endur'd,
When fortune all their hopes deceiv'd
And her vain dreams no more allur'd;

Much would thy gentle heart have tried
Of Comfort's opiate balm to shed,
And sooth'd the wrongs which callous pride
Shows on the poor and helpless head.

Ah why did Death's fell rapine tear
Of such a flower the ripening bloom?
Why did it not in mercy spare
Thy sweetness from an early tomb?

Tho'

Tho' lenient time with soft control
 Each fiercer pang to peace has laid,
 In me, O sister of my soul,
 Thy dear remembrance ne'er shall fade;

Whate'er may be my future fate,
 Thy life of meekness shall impart
 Mild manners in a prosperous state,
 And turn from pride my humble heart.

But should my luckless chance be cast
 In endless solitude to stray,
 To muse alone on pleasures past,
 And waste in sighs the lingering day;

Dejected, friendless, and forlorn,
 Thro' lonely wood, on desert hill,
 Whene'er my hapless lot I mourn,
 May thy sweet Image peace instill.

Like Patience rise, submissive, mild,
 That pow'r who calm'd thy faltering breath,
 Who, beaming in thy smiles, beguil'd
 Of half their rage the pains of death.

Before me now you seem to say,
 " Raife thy low thoughts from earth-born care,
 " Man was not made to pine away
 " In discontent, or dark despair :

" Lo! I, dispatch'd by heav'n's high will,
 " Shall o'er thy conduct hovering bend,
 " Teach thee each duty to fulfil,
 " Thy guardian angel and thy friend ;

" Of Life, in one dull tedious round,
 " Soon will the painful path be trod,
 " And thou in other worlds be found
 " To meet thy Saviour and thy God ;

" There

" There, mid the joys that heav'n bestows,
 " Departed friends shall meet in peace,
 " Then check the tear that vainly flows,
 " And let thy ufeless sorrow cease."

Ah! whither fled, sweet fpirit, ftay,
 Too foon thy long-loft charms are flown,
 To purer realms it glides away,
 And leaves me cheerlefs and alone;

Yet till my bones in earth are laid
 This fatal day I muft deplore;
 Till we, O much lamented fhade,
 May meet in heav'n to part no more.

CANZONE XXXII

I.

CHIARE, fresche, e dolci acque
Ove le bella membra
Pose colei che sola a me par donna,
Gentil ramo, ove piacque
(Con sospir mi ~~l'imbracci~~)
A lei di fare al bel fianco colonnato,
Erba e fior, che la gonnola
Leggiadria ricoverse
Con l'Angelico seno;
Aer sacro sereno,
Ov' amor có begli occhj il cor m'aperse
Date udienza insieme
Alle dolente mie parole estreme;

CHIARE . I

II. S'egli

Translation of the 26th Canzone of Petrarch.

I.

YE gentle waters, cool and bright,
 Amid whose soft refreshing wave
 Where once her beauteous limbs to lave
 My soul's best favourite took delight;
 (Alas! too well I know the time)
 Fair tree, whose friendly stem supply'd
 A seat to rest her polish'd side;
 Ye flowers and verdure, Spring's rich prime;
 By the light vesture hid, that veil'd
 Her naked bosom's snowy grace;
 Air! that furrounds this sacred place,
 Where her bright eyes this heart assail'd;
 These my last words together hear,
 Utter'd by grief alone, and breath'd with many a tear.†

O

II. IF

II.

S'egli e pur mio destino,
 E cielo in cio s'adopra,
 Ch' amor quest' occhi lagrimando chiuda;
 Qualche grazia il meschino
 Corpo fra voi ricopra,
 E torni l'alma al proprio albergo ignuda:
 La morte fia men cruda
 Se questa speme porto
 A quel dubbioso passo:
 Che lo spirito lasso
 Non poria mai in piu riposato porto
 N'en piu tranquilla fossa
 Fuggir la carne travagliata, e l'ossa;

III.

Tempo verra ancor forse,
 Ch' all' usato soggiorno
 Torni la fera bella, e mansueta;
 E la v'ella mi scorfe
 Nel benedetto giorno,

II.

If such my fate to heav'n seems best
 That hopeless love should close these eyes,
 And break my heart with constant sighs,
 With you may my poor reliques rest :
 While my freed soul shall soar to find,
 Mid realms of bliss, its destin'd seat :
 This struggling frame more bold will meet
 Death's fiercest terrors, calm, resign'd,
 Should this sweet hope completed bless
 With light that dreadful moment's gloom,
 For ne'er in a more quiet tomb,
 Or calmer haven's still recess,
 Could this tir'd body sink to peace,
 Or from its fleshly bonds th' imprison'd soul release.

III.

Haply again the beauteous maid,
 Soft yet severe, belov'd yet fear'd,
 May seek, by use so much endear'd,
 These well-known scenes, and silent shade;

Haply

Volga la vista desiosa, e lieta,
 Cercandomi: ed o pietà?
 Già terra infra le pietre
 Vedendo, Amor ispiri
 In guisa, che sospiri
 Si dolcemente, ch'è mercè m'impetre,
 E faccia forza al cielo
 Asciugandosi gli occhj con bel velo.

IV.

Da' be' rami scendea
 Dolce nella memoria
 Una pioggia di fior sovra 'l suo grembo,
 Ed ella si fedeo
 Umile in tanta gloria,
 Coverta già dell' amoroso nembo:
 Qual Fior cadea su'l lembo
 Qual fu le treccie bionde,
 Ch'oro forbito, e perle
 Eran quel di a vederle:
 Qual si posava in terra, e qual su'l onde:

Qual

Haply on that auspicious day
 May cast a wishful glance for me,
 And looking down, alas, may see
 The turf that wraps my breathless clay;
 Then love may force with soft control
 Her breast one gentle sigh to heave,
 So gentle, that heav'n may relieve,
 And mercy grant my trembling soul,
 Mov'd by that soft persuasive sigh,
 And pity's trickling tear that dims each beauteous eye.

IV.

Can I forget the blooming flowers,
 Shook by the Zephyr's wanton breeze
 That on her lap from these fair trees
 Descended soft, like April showers;
 While odours fill'd the fragrant place,
 And such a lovely splendid scene
 Embath'd in sweets its beauteous Queen,
 Who sat in state with meekest grace?
 Some blossoms grac'd the waving fold
 Of her rich veil, with happier care
 Some chose to grace her auburn hair,
 Which shone like pearls, or polish'd gold;

Qual con un vago errore
Girando pareva dir' quì regna amore.

Quante volte dis'io
Allor pien di spavento
Costei per fermo nacque in Paradiso!
Così carico d'oblio
Il divin portamento
E' volto, e le parole, e'l dolce riso
M'aveano, e si diviso
Dell' imagine vera;
Ch' i dicea sospirando
Qui come venn'io, o quando?
Credendo esser in ciel, non la dov'era.
Da indi in qua mi piace
Quest' erba sì, ch' altrove non ho pace.

In sportive flights some seem'd to rove,
 And with gay rapture said " Here reigns the Queen of Love."

V.

Enraptur'd, marvelling as I gaz'd,
 With trembling accents oft I said,
 From Paradise a fainted maid,
 No mortal sure my wonder rais'd,
 So much her step divine, her look,
 Her voice, her sweet enchanting smile,
 Had pow'r my senses to beguile,
 And so my rapt attention took,
 That I, convinced, exclaim'd with sighs,
 What power divine has brought me here,
 Made me desert the Earth's dull sphere
 And plac'd me mid the starry skies,
 From that dear hour, to sooth my grief,
 Save in this much-lov'd spot, I no where find relief.

F I N I S.

Will

1 2 1

In sportive flight, I seem to see
And wish my wings to be like thine

V.

Transported, marvelling as I go,
With trembling steps, as if I did,
From Paradise a fainter maid,
No mortal face my wonder raised,
So much her step divine, her look,
Her voice, her sweet enchanting smile,
Had bow'd my senses to beguile,
And so my rapt attention took,
That I, convinced, exclaim'd with sighs,
What power divine has brought me here,
Made me desert the Earth's dull sphere,
And plac'd me mid the airy skies,
From that dear hour, to look my grief,
Save in this much-lov'd, O no where find relief.

FINIS

